THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

So long as the Mascot mine had been as a ravening monster crying: "Give, give!" its discoverer had been permitted to do with it as he would. He might cast into the mine's insatiate maw his money, his hopes, his very life, and there was no man to claim the right to share the venture, none to meddle with the method of his immolation. So long as Windy Gulch had been accounted one of the deadest camps in all Colorado, its peace had been undisturbed; but now that an era of prosperity had dawned, a walking delegate appeared to organize a branch of the Miners' union, and Harvey Neil was first of all waited upon by the committee deputed to request that thenceforth the mine-owners would employ none but union men, while certain details as to wages and hours of work were peremptorily insisted upon. The majority of the mine-owners, believing discretion the better part of valor, conceded the demands after brief parley; but Neil, with a spirit ill equipped to brook undue interference in what he considered his private business, sent the deputation to the right-about with such stinging speech that the union was roused to immediate retaliation, and for the first time in all its history Windy Gulch was treated to the spectacle of a strike that boded no good to any man.

It was a time of general business depression, and hundreds of needy workingmen were eager to take the places vacated by the strikers; but the unhappy "scabs" came but to suffer martyrdom. Threats and execrations pursued them through the streets of the camp; and some who were caught out after dark were so mishandled that they were glad to cry enough and escape to the minor evils of wagelessness and want. Neil, so far from being brought to terms by such methods, grew but the more obstinately intrenched in his position with contemplation of each new outrage. Such nonunion men as had stood by him he would protect by every means in his power, upholding their rights as well as his own, come what would. He would listen to no talk of compromise; not one iota would he yield, although a sympathetic strike had now been ordered, and every mine in the camp that depended upon hired labor stood still for his determination. Deep shafts filled with water, and costly machinery rusted in idleness; and Windy Gulch, but the other day as law-abiding and sleepily plodding as any New England village, was now alive with a throng of boozing idlers, nursing bitterness against the mine-owners, and especially casting curses upon the name of Harvey Neil, whose plutocratic indifference to the rights of labor was held to be the cause of all the trouble. Appeals for protection were made to the authorities in vain, until at length, the strikers' souls inflamed to frenzy by non-success and want, that coward's ally dynamite was invoked to bring to terms the Mascot mine, while had not Harvey Neil been summarily hustled out of sight by frightened friends, the chances seemed that even murder might have been added to the horrors of that night. The county authorities were now aroused to take summary action, and peace was after a time restored. But capital which might have been tempted had been frightened back from a field which lawlessness could so dominate; Windy Gulch, poorer by far than it had ever been before, had ceased to dream of any boom; while Neil, all the costly improvements upon his property destroyed, with no possibility of redress, found himself practically at the foot of the ladder once more. More disheartened than he had ever been, the young man, who now felt old, borrowed money to get his mine in working shape once more; and when that was done he betook himself to the east for the rest and change he so sorely needed after the long strain that had been upon him.

And now up by the old trail the Grubstake mine was presently vying with the Mascot in outward showing of prosperity. Buildings went up and development work proceeded at such a rate as only unlimited command of capital could bring to pass, while all the camp wondered. The Grubstake had been located years before by a couple of credulous youths who were directed in their operations altogether by the pretended revelations of a so-called professor of spiritualism in Denver. Although they had carried their tunnel some sixty feet into the mountainside before they lost faith in their oracle and sold out to the colonel for a song, no mineral had been discovered, while the camp was generally of the opinion that none ever would be, until the new owner's operations stirred doubts as to the soundness of that judgment. Some there were to opine that the colonel might be preparing new bait for one of the English syndicates of the type that so often had been his gudgeon; others, who thought themselves equally well informed as to the great promoter's peculiar methods, argued that he was more probably plotting mischief which would presently be apparent in the ground where the two claims crossed, prophesying that Neil would be forced for his own peace eventually to purchase the Grubstake at its owner's own figure; while others still, more full of charity toward a gentleman who, so far as reputation went, seemed generally in the position of the under dog, contended thta the work upon the property meant only that there was mineral to be uncovered there, since, whatever his faults, there was no man who could see farther through a stone than Col. Randolph Meredith. And these last could take unction to their souls when one day the ore wagons began coming down from the Grubstake side of the hill on their way to the Orodelphia smelter, while rumor said that a strike had been made surpassing even the Mascot's richness.

Harvey Neil was still east when this occurred, and the honest gentleman in charge of the mine, who could wield a six-pound "jack" as though it had been but the plaything of a child, but whose very soul sickened before the labors of a pen, being moreover of simple and unsuspecting turn of mind, little given to poking a meddling nose beyond the legitimate limits of his own domain, saw small reason to descant upon a neighbor's good fortune beyond barest mention of the strike. Several months had therefore gone before Neil, who had been detained beyond his first plan by an illness of his mother, returned to find out what had been going on over the hill.

Then it was observed that he looked troubled and anxious, and the camp somehow became aware that he had visited the Orodelphia smelter to obtain samples of the ore which the Grubstake was shipping in such prodigious quantities, while it was said that he held many consultations with his lawyer. It became known after a little that he had asked permission to go through the workings of the Grubstake and had been refused, the mine, according to Col. Meredith's invariable practice with all his properties, it was stated, being rigidly closed to all visitors. Later the camp laughed appreciatively over the story that went round of how Neil had outwitted his astute neighbor by sending an emissary disguised as a workman to spy out what the Grubstake levels might disclose; and after that nobody was surprised when it became known that suit had been brought for $50,000 damages and an accounting for ore abstracted from the Mascot mine through the overreaching workings of the Grubstake; while pending the decision of the court the alleged intruder was summarily enjoined from further removal of any ore from that portion of the ground embraced in the crossing of the two claims. And the knowing ones had hardly time to demonstrate how clearly all this chimed in with their oft-repeated prophecies, when they were given further opportunity to prove how keen had been their prescience by the filing of a cross-bill on the part of Col. Meredith, followed by a counter injunction restraining Neil himself from further meddling with the territory in dispute until time should be given to prove before the courts that there was but one true vein in evidence, and that a direct continuation of the Grubstake.

CHAPTER II.

Dorothy Meredith rode slowly along the sandy shore of Gem lake, her enjoyment of the scene subtly enhanced by the suggestion of forbidden fruit more distinctly in evidence with every moment of dallying. Before her mind's eye she could plainly see her father fuming with impatience as he looked for her out of the shaft-house door at the Grubstake mine, where it had been arranged that she was to meet him at this hour of four in the afternoon; but, while the troublesome vision appealed to her sense of duty on the one hand, on the other it but filled her with perverse longing to loiter.

In all Colorado she was sure no scene could be found more wildly beautiful than this tree-fringed water, like a bit of silver dropped down in the mountain's embrace, with the changing light of a rising storm falling upon every feature with strange transmuting touch. As with most happy folk, nature's somber mood was but a pleasant play upon her senses, a chord of sweet minor to thrill her with new delight, and her mind was simply a chaos of incoherent exclamation as her glance ranged from the gray swirling clouds to the water making kaleidoscopic play with the leaden tints; the guarding trees all shivering and whispering together as though in ominous prophecy of evil, the great hills looming up on every side, on whose steep slopes seemed ranged the ghosts of all the trees that had ever died, so unreal they looked in the winding sheets of mist that more and more with every moment disguised their fair outlines. But a moment ago the range had towered in majesty at the west, three of its mighty, snow-crowned peaks looking down over the growing bulwark of cloud like a gathering of kings watching in eternal calm the petty conflicts of earth; but now they were as lost to the eye in the all-enveloping grayness as though they had never been. It was a scene full of weird desolation, instinct with wind and woe. So far as the eye might see was no sign of habitation, nothing that bore the touch of human hands besides the small segment of grass-grown road curving around at one side of the tiny lake. It seemed a fair dream-world of gray and silver, where nature mourned alone, refusing to be comforted.

But, though in the vested independence of American girlhood she might be oblivious to the claims of an irate father, she could not long remain deaf to such warnings as the winds were now shrieking through the trees. She was not yet ready to admit that she had been unwise to linger so long; but as she turned her horse back to the road she was forced to reflect that, with more than three miles lying between her and the shelter of the Grubstake shaft-house, she was bound to have a hard ride to escape a wetting. A skilled and fearless rider, however, it was but a new pleasure to give the horse his head, settling herself in the saddle for a break-neck race with the storm; but just at the foot of the first hill she suddenly drew rein, while her gaze wandered uncertainly up the unkempt, half-obliterated track turning off at the left, the Old Silver trail.

Ten years before, just at the last of the Silver City excitement, her father had brought her mother and herself to stay for a month or so at Windy Gulch, and then, with a child's fondness for gadding, she had learned the topography of all the region round. She remembered perfectly the line of the old road, which now passed directly by the Mascot mine and within a stone's throw of the Grubstake—her glance as it wandered up the newer way, which now too had grown old, clearly recalling the point of intersection. By taking this short cut she could save a mile or more, while with such gain in time she ought besides to be able somewhat to mollify her father's wrath by presenting herself in dry clothing. So far as she knew the way beyond the Mascot mine was now never used, and, with its originally flimsy construction and the awful grades which had brought it into disfavor the chances were that it would be in the worst possible condition for safe travel; but Miss Meredith was not accustomed to question her ability to go wherever horse might carry her, while the wiry little broncho she rode was blessed with a cat-like capacity for *climbing* at any angle and over any sort of ground which seems the essential prerogative of the mountain-bred pony. Before she had given as much time to the argument as it has taken to tell it, she had turned the horse and was flying along the old road.

There was a pleasure in recognizing familiar features of the landscape as she swiftly passed them by. This narrow intervale, hedged in by almost parallel lines of foot-hills, she remembered so well, although in the old springtime the ground had been almost carpeted with great purple anemones, while now it was masses of yellow bloom which the wind was bending down to earth; but the grove of quaking asps into which she presently rode looked new and strange; obviously they had sprung up since her time. And they had grown up in such amazing number; there were myriads of them, all in a frou-frou flutter, their delicate wrappings turned silvery side out, as though in futile effort to cover their white limbs from the storm's rude touch. The girl felt suddenly lost as the way closed in among them; and she would have hastened to get out into the open once more, but their branches so swept across the way that she had continually to take care lest she were caught with stinging blows from them. Plainly nature had been left to work her own will with the old trail. There were marks of wheels—wood-teams, the girl inferred, from the deep ruts worn here and there; but when the way twisted down to the bottom of a deep coulee and up a wilderness of rocks and pine trees on the other side, it seemed a marvel that any wagon could follow.

On and on she went, scarce heeding the landscape now, except to watch for the longed-for juncture of the two roads. The roar of thunder had begun resounding through the mountains, as though voicing the wrath of Jove, while with the sound a nervous terror insidiously grew upon the girl. Utterly fearless in most situations, full of a thoughtless daring due in a measure to an inability properly to measure danger, and yet she always quailed before a thunder-storm; and never had the dread sounds seemed so awful in her ears as now in the weird loneliness of the place into which she had thoughtlessly ventured. She seemed an insignificant atom cast adrift in a world given over to destruction. Mercurial in her temperament, a despairing conviction suddenly fastened upon her that she had somehow missed the way she sought. To go back and take the regular road involved a ride before which, with her nervous disrelish of the now almost incessant thunder, her soul turned sick; though to go on appeared such a questionable adventure that she stopped short on the brow of a short, steep hill, considering the other side in a misery of uncertainty. But even as she looked fate came to her relief revealing the figure of a man on horseback passing between the trees, just over the brow of the next hill. He was riding from her; and on the instant she was urging her horse down the precipitous coulee, determined to overtake him and ask direction as to her way.

But at the bottom of the deep cut ran a small stream across which was thrown a rude bridge of poles; and as the horse, in the impetus of the mad dash down the steep embankment, plunged heavily upon this flimsy structure, a length of rotten wood snapped like a pipe-stem, one of the animal's fore-legs going down with such force as must inevitably have thrown the rider had she not been swift to see the danger and jump to save herself. As it was, in the sudden, unconsidered movement, her skirt caught on the saddle-horn and she half fell, her weight coming upon her outstretched hands in such fashion as severely wrenched one wrist. Hurriedly struggling to her feet, it was with a mixture of discomfiture and relief that she perceived the stranger riding toward her as fast as horse might carry him. It was annoying to be discovered in such undignified pose, even by such simple ranchman as she imagined the rider to be: but there was scarcely time for the captious thought in the imperative need of help.

"Miss Meredith—are you hurt?" he breathlessly exclaimed, as he threw himself from the saddle beside her, so much of genuine concern in voice and manner that the girl felt unconsciously strengthened and comforted. It did not until afterward occur to her as strange that he should call her by name. So far as she noticed it at all, it had only a soothing sound of friendliness.

"No; but the horse—oh, it is terrible! His leg will be broken," she cried, helplessly clasping her hands as she watched the animal floundering painfully in the ugly trap.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Willing to Walk.

Once when the Pensacola was coming up to San Francisco from the South seas somewhere off Honolulu she met a gale that almost laid her down. Carpenter McGloin, a privileged character, who invariably became seasick in heavy weather, promptly went to bed. Finally it was reported to the captain that something was wrong with the foretopmast. The captain sent for McGloin and the carpenter staggered on deck. "Get up there," commanded the captain, "and see what's the matter at the foretop." "Up that mast?" gasped McGloin. The proposition so dazed him that he lost his breath. "Up that mast," reiterated the captain, "and find out what's the matter at the foretop." "Captain," said McGloin, in a last despairing protest, "do you really mean that you want me to go up that mast in this storm, with the ship going this way, and see what's wrong with that foretop?"

"You heard what I said," said the captain, losing patience at last; "now get up that mast, and be quick about it, too." "Captain," said McGloin, solemnly, "if there was a four-inch plank from here to Brooklyn I'd walk home."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Truly Wonderful.

A prayer which was none the less the sincere expression of fervent gratitude from the fact of its amusing and very definite and needless allusions to infinite power was made by a New Hampshire delegate at a missionary convention some years ago. After offering thanks for the Lord's provision of His servants to labor with strength and earnestness of purpose in foreign lands, giving up the ties of home and all other intetrests in their devotion to the cause, he concluded his prayer thus: "And we thank Thee, O Lord, for Thy wonderful power over this world in which we live, for although Thou hast made the earth and caused it to revolve in a strange manner, and with great velocity, and although our missionaries are scattered all over the globe, still, so marvelously hast Thou balanced the centripetal and centrifugal forces that as yet not a single brother has been thrown from the surface into unending space."—Youth's Companion.

HERE, Maggie, I've explained everything to you, and if you are afraid you need not go."

"I am afraid, Maj. Tallmadge, but I'm ready to go. I'll do my best for you."

"Very well, then. Remember the words I have given you, and don't fail to hasten back to this inn. I shall be here and wait for you."

Maggie Hickok lifted the basket of eggs, and carrying it upon her arm at once left the tavern and started on her walk to Philadelphia, five miles away. Her step was light and an air of determination was so manifest in her bearing that the major nodded his head in approval as she disappeared up the road, and said to himself as he reentered the house: "She'll do."

And much more than Maggie knew depended upon her success that day. In a general way she knew that Maj. Tallmadge was in command of a band of cavalrymen who were scouring the region and endeavoring to gain such information as could be had concerning the British forces in Philadelphia.

Maj. Tallmadge had done his best and had gained much information, which was of value to Washington; but there had been special warnings sent him of late that the boys he had sent into the city were suspected. These boys had gone apparently with produce to sell, but somehow they always continued to enter certain houses before all their wares were disposed of, and a few peculiar words never failed to bring a strange response from the purchasers, a response which was borne to the waiting major, and quickly forwarded to Valley Forge.

The rumors which had come that his produce dealers were suspected had troubled him of late, but he was very desirous of gaining some information that day in the winter of 1777, for strange reports of the contemplated doings of the enemy had been scattered, and Maj. Tallmadge was eager to verify them before he reported to the commander. His fear of sending some boys or men disguised as countrymen with produce had prevailed, however, and at last he had persuaded the mother of Maggie Hickok to consent to her making the attempt. And Maggie was willing to try, for her own father and brother were at Valley Forge, and she could see no good reason for a girl of 16 to be entirely idle when the men were engaged in such a desperate struggle.

The girl trudged on with her basket on her arm, thinking far more of the peril before her than she did of the muddy road along which she was walking or of the biting air of that winter day. Occasionally she met men who looked keenly at her, but no one spoke till she was near the city. A band of a half-dozen red-coated men were standing by the roadside, and as she approached her heart almost stood still as she heard one of them say: "Here's another one of the produce dealers. What have you for sale, my wench?" he added, as Maggie came nearer.

"Only eggs," replied Maggie, boldly, although her face was almost as white as the snow by the roadside.

"Only eggs, is it? Well, my mess wants eggs, and I'll buy them all."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot sell you all," replied Maggie, "for a portion are promised."

"Doubtless promised to Mistress Jones," laughed the man, brutally. "Somehow all the bumpkins sell to her, though I have my doubts as to what she buys."

"I can let you have two dozen," replied Maggie, boldly, placing her basket on the ground and beginning to count out the eggs as she spoke. It was better to appear willing to deal with the men than to increase their suspicions by striving to pass.

"Nay, nay, wench. I want not thy eggs. I spoke in jest, for I was afraid that you, too, might be one of those country people whom the rebel Tallmadge sends into the city with strange wares for sale. You may pass in safety, and I doubt not that you will readily find purchasers, for fresh eggs are not overplentiful at present."

Maggie again took up her basket and resumed her journey, not daring for several minutes to glance behind her; but when she did look back her fears were not allayed when she saw that they were all watching, and apparently talking of her and her errand. Realizing the need of increased caution, Maggie passed on, and soon stopped at several houses, where she easily disposed of a portion of her burden. Declining to part with them all, for each purchaser desired to gain the contents of the basket, she pushed on until she entered the street where Mistress Jones lived. No one was in sight and she ran quickly up the steps and lifted the heavy knocker.

She had hardly given the summons, when she saw a red-coated soldier appear on the corner of the street, and stop and gaze curiously at her as she stood before the door. She was in a flutter of excitement when the servant admitted her, and she said:

"I would see Mistress Jones. I have some eggs for sale, and perhaps she will buy."

"Doubtless she will that," replied the maid, "but it will not be necessary for you to see her. I can pay you," and she started from the hall as if to get her money.

"Nay, nay," said Maggie, quickly, "I would deal with Mistress Jones herself."

The servant made no response as she turned to seek the mistress, and in a few minutes Mrs. Jones herself appeared.

"Was it to me you desired to speak?"

"Yes, I have fresh eggs to sell."

"You are sure they are fresh?"

"They are that, fresh and prime, too."

Mistress Jones looked keenly at Maggie as she heard the combination of words which was well understood by her, and she quickly replied: "You have brought your wares to the right market, I see." She then took the basket from Maggie's hand, and in a few moments returned with a loaf of bread. She did not inform her that within the loaf there was a note concealed, but Maggie understood. It was all as she had been informed it would be.

"If you lose the bread, or find it necessary to destroy it, you may simply say to your friend: 'Not yet.' Do you understand?"

"I do," replied Maggie, quietly, as she again took her basket and prepared to depart. The door was quickly closed behind her, and she lingered a moment on the steps before she went down to the street. She could see no one now, and the curious soldier had disappeared; but Maggie's fear was none the less when she started up the street, for she knew not who was watching her, and the words of the guard still lingered in her mind.

As she approached the edge of the city she was alarmed when she saw the same six men there whom she had met at her entrance; but, striving to quiet her heart, and not reveal the fear under which she labored, she walked steadily on.

"Here's my wench again," laughed one of the soldiers as she drew near. "And what luck?"

"I sold my eggs."

"Doubtless. And was Mistress Jones a purchaser?"

"I know not Mistress Jones," replied Maggie, endeavoring to pass on.

"'Tis well for you, my wench. And what have you in the basket now? A bread loaf as I live! 'Tis the very thing I most desire." And the soldier roughly grasped the basket and seized the loaf which it contained.

"The bread I would give my little sister who is ill," said Maggie, with trembling voice. "I pray you to take it not from me."

Her evident distress moved the soldier, and one of them roughly said to the man who had taken her bread: "Let the wench go, Jack. A bread loaf would hardly satisfy us to-day. 'Tis Tallmadge's head I crave. Give her the basket and let the poor girl go."

With a laugh the soldier returned the basket and the bread, little dreaming of their contents, and Maggie sped on, not even turning her head to see if she were pursued. Perhaps if she had looked back the sight would not have comforted her, for the six men were standing together, and the frequent glances they cast at the departing girl showed that they were talking of her.

But, all unconscious of what was going on behind her, Maggie kept on her way and when once she was on the country road she broke into a run, all unwearied by her long journey. She had information of importance, and the thoughts of her father and brother in Valley Forge, and the little sister at home, gave her renewed strength.

She was almost breathless when at last she entered the inn and delivered the loaf to the impatient major, who was waiting for her according to his promise.

"'Tis well you have done, Maggie, my girl," said Maj. Tallmadge, as he broke open the loaf and quickly found the folded note within. "This shall not be forgotten—"

The major did not finish the sentence, for just then the landlady entered the room with white face, declaring she could see a band of British light horse coming swiftly up the road.

"They've suspected you, Maggie," said the major, quickly. "'Twill never do to leave you here. Can you mount and ride behind me?"

"I can," replied Maggie, quickly, and before the words had been spoken Maj. Tallmadge ran from the room and a moment afterwards was before the door with his fleet black horse. "Up behind me. Quick! For your life!"

Maggie grasped his outstretched hand and in a moment was behind the major with her arms tightly clasped about his waist.

"Now, Jehu, go!" said the major to his horse, and the black steed started with the speed of the wind. Maggie almost lost her grasp as the major turned for a moment and replied with a taunting yell to the band which he could see swiftly approaching down the hillside; but her arms were strong, and though her face was white and her eyes blurred, she clung to her protector throughout the wild ride which followed.

On swept Jehu with his load, and on came the band of red coats. The woods by the roadside seemed to rush past them. The breathing of the horse was soon labored and hard, and his black sides were covered with foam; but his swift pace was never relaxed for an instant. Once or twice he stumbled and nearly fell, but a sharp pull on the bridle and a quick word from the major restored him and the mad race continued. His hoofs thundered over the rude bridges, they struck fire from the stones in the road, but Jehu minded none of these things, for life and death hung on his efforts that day.

For an hour the mad race continued, and then, when the borders of Germantown were reached and the red coats turned back in fear, Maj. Tallmadge drew the rein on his black steed, and, as he helped the wearied girl to the ground, he said, with a smile: "'Tis a pity we lost that bread, Maggie, for Washington sadly needs it; but far more he needs what the bread contained and what he will soon have now. You have saved us from a sad, and what might have been a costly, mistake, this day, my girl."

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Should Be Patriotically Observed by Young and Old.

Observing high days, holidays and birthdays is something of which a great many people are very fond. It has been said that we need more holidays. Granting this, but there are many persons who never observe any, whatever they may be.

There is one day that is full of suggestions—a day so linked with the history of our country that patriotic sentiments come to our hearts at its mere mention. Washington's birthday ought to have a special programme of its own. It would be an excellent idea to make it a history day, a Stars and Stripes day, to hold meetings and festivals in commemoration of the great and glorious struggle that gave us our liberty.

Every public school in the land ought to mark the event by suitable exercises. As the schools close for this day, why not make the afternoon previous a gala season, when the events of Washington's career may be reviewed, patriotic addresses listened to, suitable music rendered and entertainments, such as charades or plays appropriate to the time, be given by the pupils? Make it a day to be looked forward to; a day of delight; a day on which the young and unfolding mind may grasp the idea that such patriotism as the Father of His Country possessed is sufficient to make a name immortal.

Teach them that love of country is one of the greatest of virtues, and that only by loyalty and fidelity to the flag and the great principles it represents can the men and women of the future hope to maintain that high position which the United States holds among the nations of the earth.

And for the young people themselves, who are out of school and just beginning the serious affairs of life, let there be old-folks' concerts and entertainments, continental parties, masquerades in the good old costumes of the days of Washington. Let there be sham battles, with snow forts, if so be it that snow is plenty. And it would not hurt the elders to take a hand in this fray. It would warm up the blood, stir up the ideas, rouse the patriotism and break the monotony that too often settles over a middle-aged existence. There should be songs and feasting, and dancing and rejoicing all along the line, and the assembled guests should thank Heaven that such a man as Washington ever lived, a man whom nothing could discourage, a man who through trials, disappointments, vicissitudes, treachery, ingratitude and persecution, kept ever alive in his heart one hope, one idea, one determination, and that was to secure to the citizens of this country and their posterity forever the blessings of civil and religious liberty. And when the day's festivities are over, the most appropriate ending will be that all join in the doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessing flow."

—N. Y. Ledger.

A KLONDIKE WASHINGTON.

"Gentlemen, I cannot tell a lie; I swiped that can of pork and beans."

Doctor Evans' Teeth.

Mme. K——, a once noted Russian beauty, was famous for the length and sumptuosity of her trains. She was also lavish with her smiles. One evening, at some grand reception, I was gazing at her as Comte Horace de Choiseul led her through a suite of salons. Dr. Evans came up to me. We talked about the sumptuous train. He then asked: "What do you think of her teeth?" "They light up her face like sunbeams; they eclipse even the pearls of Mme. de Rothschilds' necklace." "It was I who provided them," said the doctor; "no, I'm not joking." "But surely they are too transparent to be of composition?" "They are not of artificial stuff. I chose teeth from the mouths of 12 Brittany girls to make the set." "Why from 12?" "Because the 12 had the proper number of faultless teeth. Besides, Mme. K—— is superstitiously orthodox. She wanted her teeth to be a reminder of the 12 apostles. To please her I inserted a bit of the true cross in the gold setting."—London Truth.

PITH AND POINT.

—Teaching Johnnie Manners.—"Johnnie, will you have some soup?" "No." "No what?" "No soup."—Scribner's.

—Handicapped.—"Who is your favorite author?" "Pardon me, sir, but I am an author myself." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Beaten, for Once.—Druggist—"See here! Why didn't you tell the customes that we had something just as good?" New Clerk—"Because he was after some postage stamps."—Puck.

—Not a Confession.—"Did he confess his love?" "I don't think so. From what I know of the affair, I am inclined to believe that she drew it out of him by cross-examination."—Chicago Evening Post.

—Lost.—"Have you followed my argument so far?" inquired the verbose gentleman. "Yes," replied his impatient friend. "But I tell you candidly, I'd quit its company right here if I thought I could find my way back."—Washington Star.

—Passenger (at depot)—"Can I take a train from here to St. Louis?" Gateman—"You'll have to see the superintendent of the company about that." Passenger—"Why, what has he got to do with my takin a train?" Gateman—"He employs all the engineers."—Chicago News.

—Not His Experience. — "Troubled with sleeplessness, are you?" said the passenger with the skull-cap. "Try celery. Anybody who makes a free use of celery will sleep like a top." "That isn't my experience," replied the passenger with the patch over his eye. "I raised celery one season, and I had to get up every morning at four o'clock to take it to market."—Chicago Tribune.

BRUIN GOT EVEN.

How a Grizzly Bear Punished His Foolish Tormentor.

The town of Medicine Hat, in Assinaboia, on the Canadian Pacific railroad, had in 1894 an attraction in the shape of a captive grizzly bear. He was a hungry-looking brute, about the size of an ordinary cow, and was chained to a post in the center of a strong log pen. The pen stood beside the tracks, about 200 feet from the station, and a recent rainstorm had made a veritable mudhole of it.

The bear was an object of lively interest and curiosity to the townspeople, but more particularly to passengers of trains which stopped at Medicine Hat to change engines.

One day early in August the eastbound overland pulled in, and in a few minutes the occupants of several coaches were viewing the grizzly, who was shuffling around his quarters, looking very innocent and unconcerned. His paws and shaggy gray coat were covered with mud, and Bruin was not a thing of beauty, still he appeared contented and seemed to enjoy being on exhibition.

Now, a miscellaneous crowd of men has, as a rule, at least one individual in it belonging to the class known as "smart Alecks." This gathering was no exception and the aforementioned person soon manifested himself. He began by grunting at the bear, and followed that up by throwing sticks and small stones at him. Failing to excite him by these means, he resorted to others. Fixing a handkerchief on a stick he flaunted it in Bruin's face, and tickled him on the nose with it, then poked him in the ribs; but, save an occasional growl, the bear did not seem to mind his tormentor. One or two gentlemen now advised the funny man to desist, suggesting that his bearship's patience probably had limits. Ignoring the friendly warning, the fellow waxed bolder, and, coming close up to the pen, thrust an arm in between the logs. Then the long-suffering bear saw his opportunity and improved it. Suddenly and with startling swiftness, he reared on his hind legs until he loomed high above the astonished man, and then, with a deep growl, of anger, he struck fiercely at his persecutor. For a breathless second the man stood bereft of the power of motion; then, with a scream of fright, he tried to draw back, but too late. The enormous paw caught his arm in a glancing fashion, shredding his coat and shirt sleeves, and scoring several ugly scratches in the flesh, while an avalanche of mud and filth descended on his luckless head, fairly obliterating his features, and thickly smearing the whole upper part of his person. The bear's revenge was complete. Swift and sudden justice had been meted out, and with shaken nerves and ruined clothes, the smart man made his way to the train, while some unfeeling men in the crowd laughed outright, and the grizzly lay down with what resembled a sigh of relief.

The Canadian Pacific east-bound overland bore that day a man who was not only sadder and wiser, but whose propensity for "stirring up the animals" had received a decided shock.—Detroit Free Press.

Paris Shaving Rules.

The sanitary authorities of Paris have issued stringent instructions to barbers, informing them that all metal instruments must be plunged directly after use into boiling soapy water. All combs of tortoise shell, ivory of celluloid must be replaced as far as possible by metal, so as to be more easily cleaned and disinfected. Scissors, razors, clippers and brushes must be heated to 100 degrees centigrade, or placed in a receptacle containing a prescribed chemical solution, before use. Shaving brushes must be dipped in boiling water. Instead of powder puffs, blowers must be used. Finally hairdressers must wash their hands before passing to another customer.—Detroit Free Press.

A Mule Never Runs Over a Child.

Touching the protest we occasionally hear against the dangerous practice of driving loose mules through the streets, it may be well to assure the timorous that there is no possible danger of a mule running over a child. You may set a baby in the middle of Marietta street and drive a thousand mules at a wild gallop through it and not one would hurt the baby. It is well enough to give a mule's heels a wide berth, but no one ever heard of a child or man being run over by one. You could not drive a mule over a child. — Atlantic Commercial.

Feminine Deduction.

Mr. Sporter (dreaming)—That's a horse on me.

Mrs. Sporter (sympathetically)—Poor man! he must have the nightmare again!—N. Y. Journal.